

Title: Grandolf's Story

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The wind swept the arctic plains, blowing about the light snow that had recently fallen. The stench of blood and filth filled the icy winds, attacking ones sense of smell and leaving a horrid aftertaste in ones mouth. Rot and decay filled the air, clinging to the icy texture of the air.

Grandolf looked about warily, blood staining his great battle axe and dripping from his ringmail tunic. A foul lot were the undead that plagued these lands, and only fouler were the orcs.

Gently he wiped the axe on the snow, blood seeping from the warmed blade into the frozen wastes.

Looking about at the corpses that surrounded him, he gave a pleased smile. Slowly and surely, he moves to each corpse and releaves them of their money purses and goods. After an hour of this, he slowly brings a goodly sized money bag to rest on his hip.

"A goodly haul, to be sure..." He whispered to himself, as no one else was about to hear his words. Slowly he

made his way to the coast of that icy land, happy with the outcome of the nights end. He had hunted here a few times before, but 'twas good enough that he would visit it on many more an occasion from then on in. Slowly, the snowy vails lifted as he grew closer to the coast, and he could begin to make out the lines of his great vessel. But the snowy airs had tricked him, and as he neared he could see in fact that his ship lay wrecked against the ice. Uttering a silent curse, he hopped onto the frozen waters and made his way to the ship. Opening the hatch to the hold, he removed what stoars he could before the ice began to crack.

Quickly he made his way to the shore, and watched as the ship sank into the frozen waters around it.

Grandolf stood there a moment in thought, gloved hand gently stroking his worn beard. What in blue blazes made that ship sink as it did? Never before had it shown signs of weakening, enough to sink all of a sudden. He let out a grugh "bah" and blamed it on the icy lands, not bothering to waist what little thinking power he had on such a grand question. Survival proceding all other instincts, he knew that shelter would be key if he wanted to

survive this night.
The smells of a campfire greeted his nose after only a short trek north, drawing him closer to the mountain chain that made up a good deal of the island. Groaning as the cold in the air begins to take its toll, and the water from the snow seeping into his bones, he stumbles into a downtrodden path leading into the mountaines. Soon enough he finds himself obscured from viewing of the outside world, high mountainsides blocking such sights.

A giant cave opening, like a portal sprawls up before him in the cliff, the remnants of a fire still sizzling in their blackened pit.

Deciding that, whoever or whatever made this fire no doubt went inside for comfort, he moves deftly into the tunnel and then closes his eyes for a moment to allow them to ease into the darkness. As he opens his eyes, he sees not a cave but a vast hallway, with doors jutting off to each and every side.

Stumbling forward in the darkness, the sounds of scratching come unto his ears, halting him in mid stumble. Slowly straightening and removing his axe, he watches with a stolid face as a skeleton, flesh still clinging to parts of it's flesh, ambles forward from the darkness and to

him, a smaller battle axe clutched in its arms. Bringing his axe high, then down swiftly, he cleaves the things shoulder in two, toppling one of its arms and loosening its rib cages. The creature lets loose a wild swing with its free blade, to late as his axe comes down once more, finding its mark in its skull. He looks down in disgust at the pile of bones crumpled before him on the ground.

Spitting into the pile, he looks up and about at the sound of more scratching, and an odd mix of running water and magic. Suddenly, from behind him spring several skeletons, to many for him alone to take.

Clutching his axe firmly in hand, he sprints forward into the dimly lit hallways, cursing his luck in coming across this place. Before him the odd sound of water and magic grow louder, and as he stumbles into the room at the end of the corridor, he sees why. Before him yawns the mamoth figure of a water elemental, arms swinging wildly as he stumbles infront of it. Magic shoots from it, to him, striking and pushing him back against a wall ajacent to a pool of water.